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CEREBUS

GOING HOME

27

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258
SEP

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NOW & THEN BOOKS

29th ANNIVERSARY PARTY and/or SIGNING

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SETH

Dave SIM

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CEREBUS

NO. 258 SEPTEMBER 2000

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GOING HOME

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BOOK ONE
Sudden Moves
(Cerebus 232 to 239)

•

BOOK TWO
Fall and the River
(Cerebus 240 to 250)

•

BOOK THREE
Form & Void
(Cerebus 251 to 265)

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Papa sitting sideways to the fire.

Bottles set out on the drink table nearby.

Our fire, with long, slow flames, on its mound of white ashes.

Its smoke flowing westward, away from us.

There erupts in the forest a great snorting and grunting.

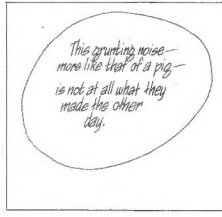
Impala!

Two bucks are fighting frantically with their horns ...

... twelve to fifteen others milling around at the edges ...

... their tails straight up as I've never seen them before ...

... like a new beast.


This grunting noise— more like that of a pig— is not at all what they made the other day.

Then, they hissed at me.
A dozen times ...
... and a definite hiss
In the early morning, we saw the rhino
We thought – from a distance – it was a female nursing a toto
Then he went down on his back legs.
... being eaten alive by the hisi
Two of them ... nipping, nipping, gauging ...
... at the big hole in his buttock.
They'd gone after his genitals first.

They turned toward us ...
... their muzzles dripping blood.
The rhino moaned a bit. ...
... like a domesticated cow ...
... and once made his huffing sound ...
... but mostly endured ...
... in silence.
Papa —rigid and pale —that he couldn't do anything about it.
We went back and got the warden of Ambeosi to kill the rhino, but by the time we all returned...
... the rhino was dead.

We went down through some bush to a vast yellow sand flat.

There was a tremendous mirage over to the left ...

... and we clearly saw ...

... a calm, blue lake simmering in the sunshine with trees and green bush on a peninsula protruding from the left bank —

all perfectly reflected in the "water" — and hills soft-green — and high grass banks to the right — sharply repeating themselves in the blue surface.

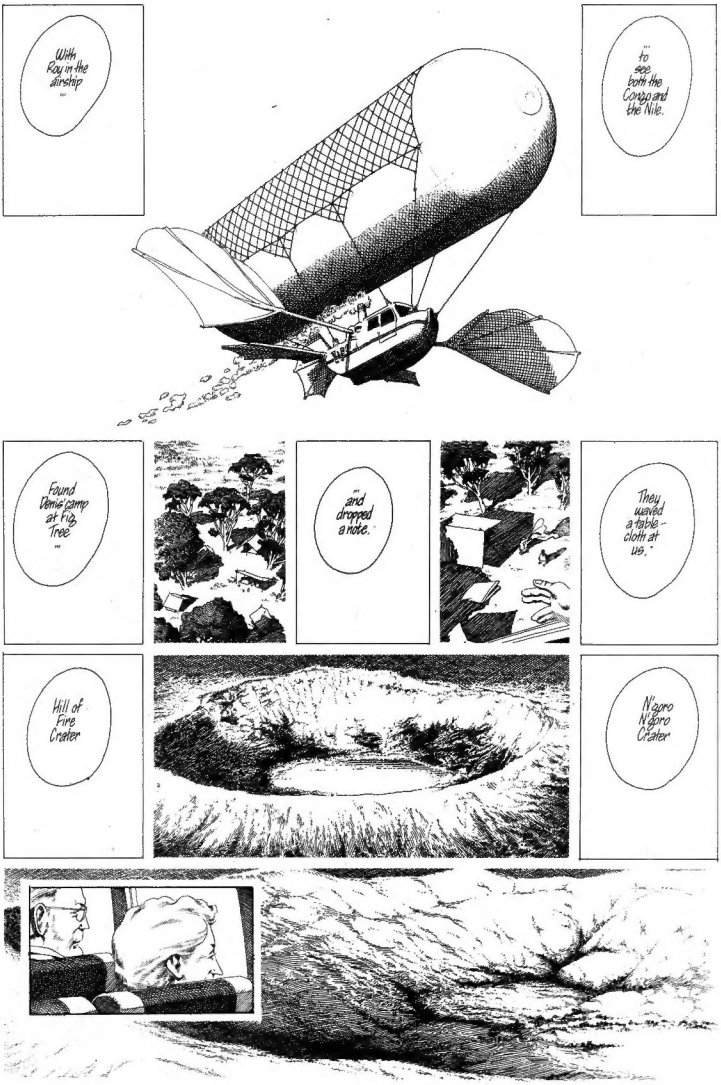
But dust devils were whirling on the surface of the lake

The New Livingstone Hotel

Too much eating, too much drinking, ... repeating.

Too many people ...

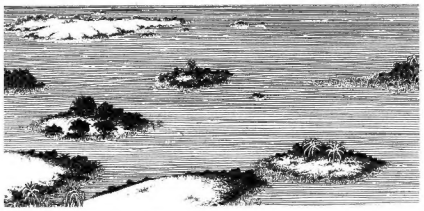
... pretentious and/or dull.


With Ray in the airship ...
... to see both the Congo and the Nile.
Found Denis' camp at Fig Tree ...
... and dropped a note.
They waved a table-cloth at us.
Hill of Fire Crater
N'goro N'goro Crater

Saw the place where Ham's wife #2 killed her lion.

Crossed the bottom of Lake Elizabeth ...

... with scores of islands ...



... and a couple of dreamy beaches.

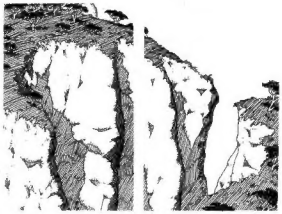
So nice to see water again.

Climbing higher and higher over mountains ...

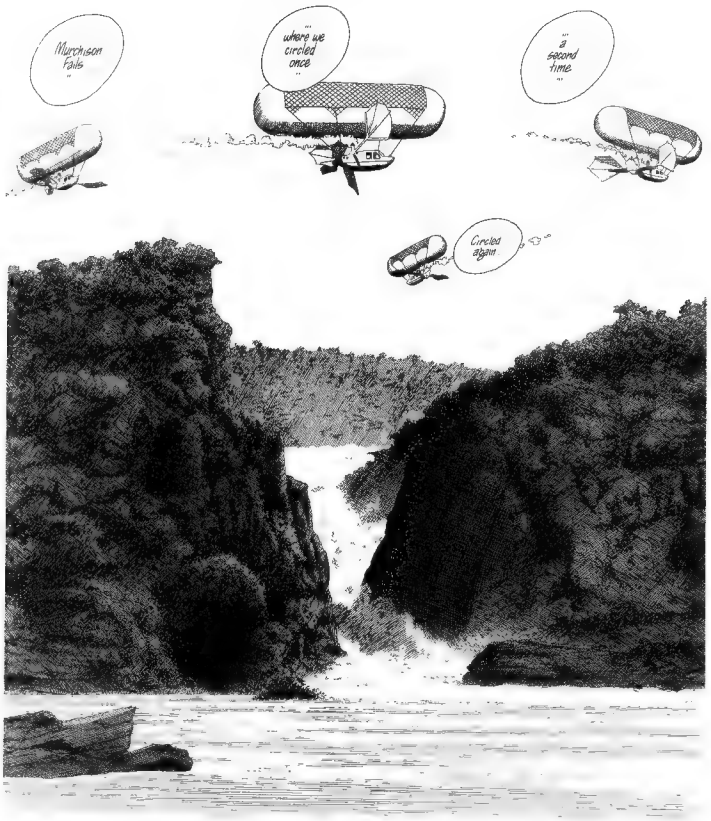
... the clouds rolling off the two volcanoes ...

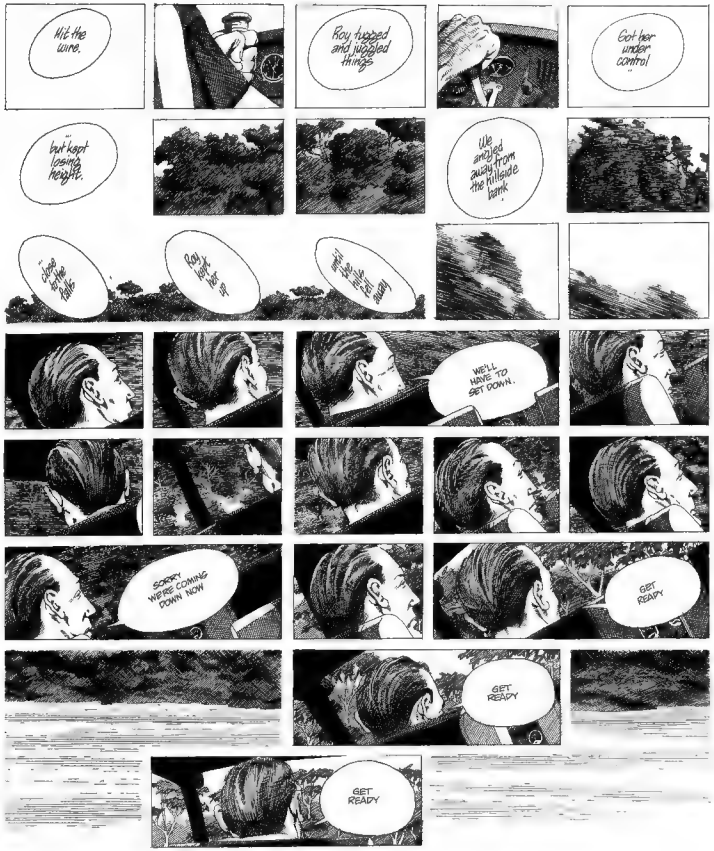
... and Ruwenzori a bank of dark cloud to our left.

Slid off a high ridge bordering the lowlands at the south end of Lake Philip.



me, sharply with the sensation
... of the slopes falling
... sharply away
... below us.
Started up the west shore of the lake
... the mountains gradually crowding out the foreshore until they were dropping — sheer — into the lake.
The mountains retreated and at the north end of the lake
... we had marshes below us again.
Roy pointed out the beginning of the White Nile meandering slowly northwards.
We left the marsh behind for low, bushy country
which rose, little by little
... into hills with moderate timber.
And so, we reached



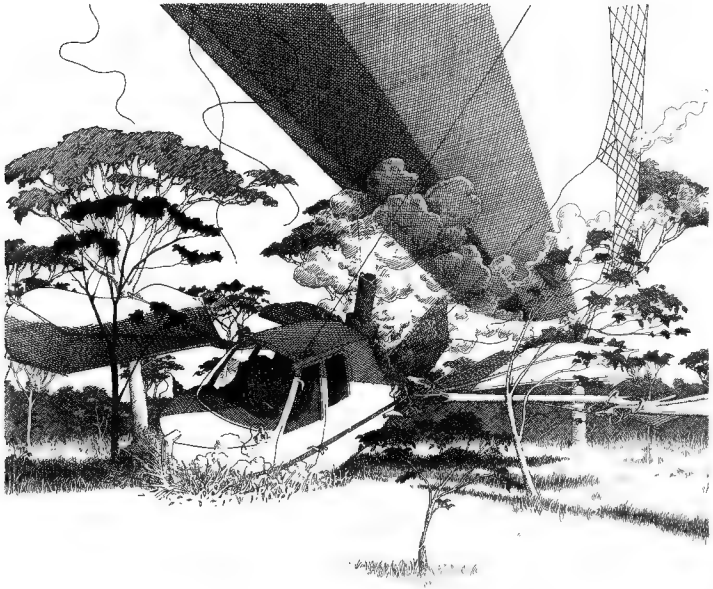


My only feeling, that last minute, was disappointment ...

... "Shit!" ...

... at being so soon dead ...

... or broken



"Get out quickly!"
Which we all did.
But she didn't catch fire.

Papa and Roy studies the map
It was about forty miles to the nearest village
My heart was pounding unusually fast ...
and I had a sharp pain in my left chest
Roy suggested that I lie down.
Papa not looking very well.
We heard movements and animal noises in the bushes.
Papa decided we should move up the hill away from the river.
Papa carrying a box of bottles and tinned food.
We found a spot of hardened sand scooped from the lower side of a small knoll — topped by one small tree, a thorn.

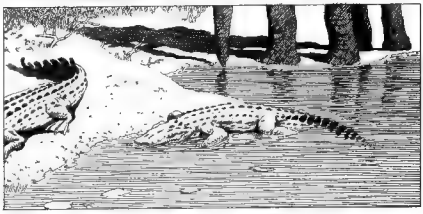
Papa took my pulse
Couldn't find any
Recommended that I lie down
Sharp discomfiture that I was not helping to gather wood.
"and grasses for the beds before sunset.
But my heart pounded — to shake the earth it seemed — with the slightest movement.
The last touches of light caught the yellow grass to our right.
Jupiter rising. Then Orion Brilliant in the high, clear air.
Female concern about having no face-cream for the night
Drifting into sleep
Papa patting my stomach.
"Better not to snore if you can't help it."
"... It is attracting the elephants."

I'd had the dream during the night: that a big, elegant yacht was anchored in the river in front of us.

No sign of recognition.
Payne started down.
Then came back.
"... pointing out that we would be to windward of the elephants between us and the river
In near desperation I watched people – small blobs – move away from the boat. Wondered...
"... if we could get there before the people returned to it and the boat steamed away.
We saw some Africans moving slowly up towards us
They were doubtful about our story of the fallen ndege
"... but cheerfully offered to escort me to the boat.

Papa had told Roy that we would wait at the fire for him, so he stayed behind
...and watched the elephants
We went down slowly
...seeing my elephants.
The boat was privately chartered by Mr Ian McAdam.
Roy came back with McAdam
...and we sent the boys up the hill to get Papa.
My trip down with the boys had moved the elephants back up
...and they were disputing his knoll with him

The boys moved them off.

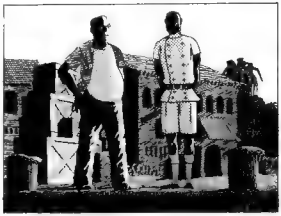


Going downriver was fascinating, since we were on a level with families and communities and colonies of elephants, rhinos and crocodiles — with some or all three kinds of beast's constantly in view.

As we approached Butiaba in the late afternoon ...

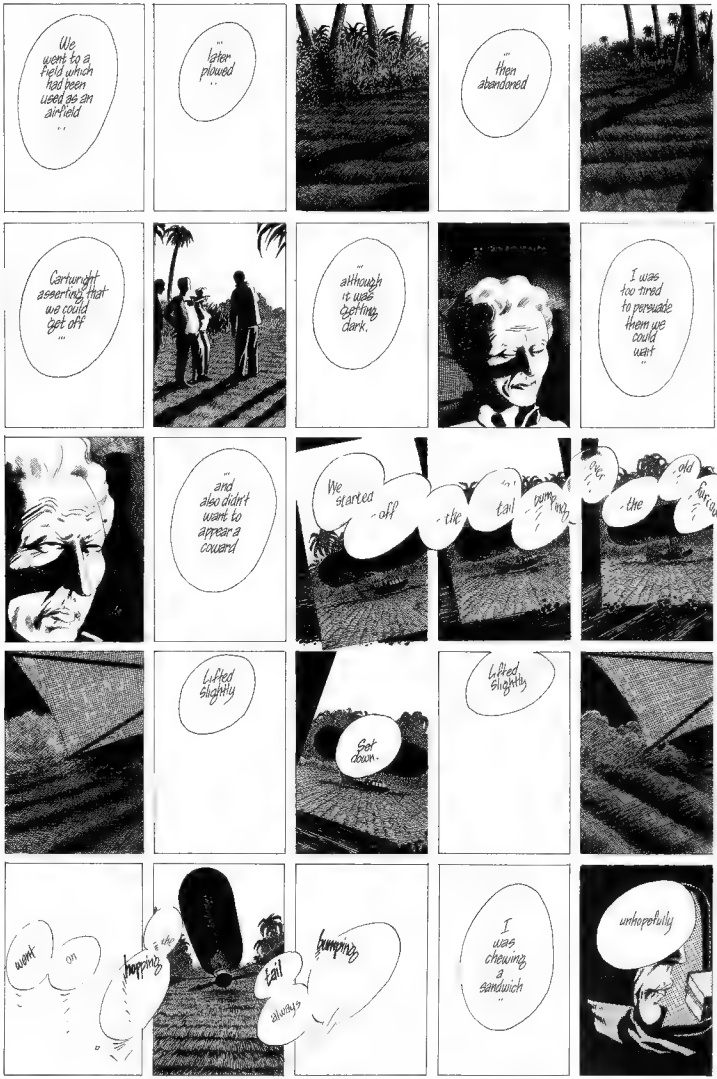
... an airship came over.

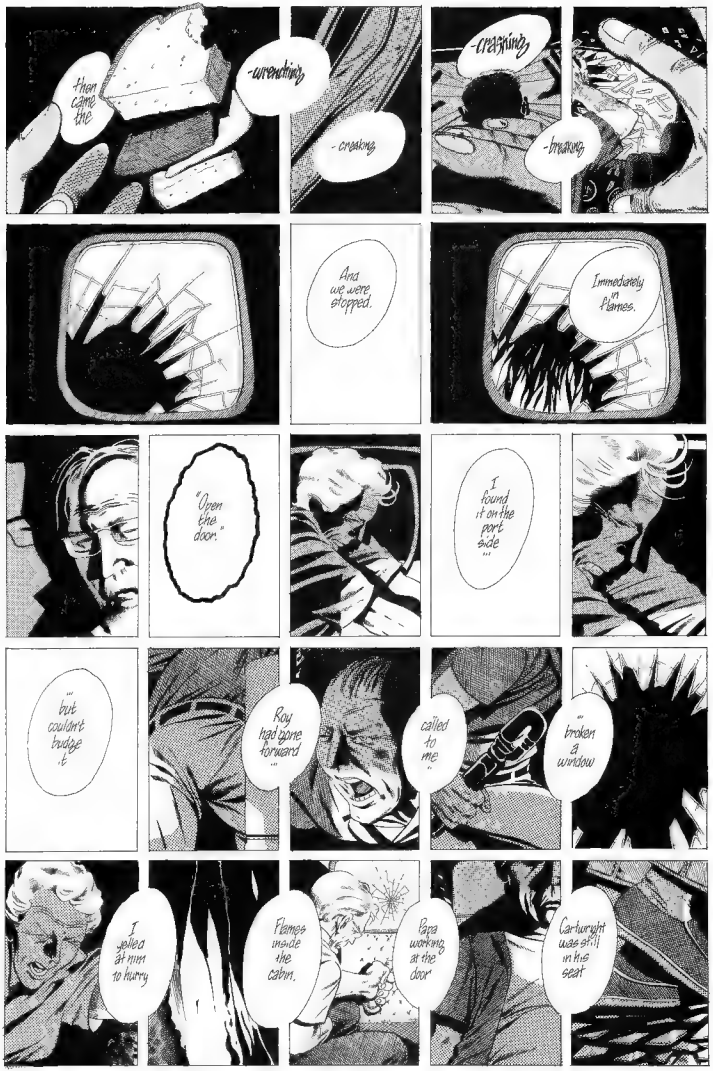
The pilot, Reggie Cartwright ...



... and Mr. Williams, the police officer from Masindi ...

... were waiting for us on the dock


We went to a field which had been used as an airfield ..
... later plowed ..
... then abandoned
Cartwright asserting that we could get off ...
... although it was getting dark.
I was too tired to persuade them we could wait ..
... and also didn't want to appear a coward
We started off the tail pumping
the old furrows
Lifted slightly
Set down.
Lifted slightly
I was chewing a sandwich ..
unhopefully
went on
thopping the tail always
thumping


Then came the
-wrenching
-creaking
-creaking
-breaking
And we were stopped.
Immediately in flames.
"Open the door."
I found it on the port side ...
... but couldn't budge it
Roy had gone forward ...
called to me.
... broken a window
I yelled at him to hurry
Flames inside the cabin.
Papa working at the door
Cartwright was still in the seat

I heaved myself up and through a window
Roy helped me down to the ground...
...walked me rapidly to wind-ward
I, thinking, "Explosions"
Cartwright was out.
Papa a safe distance away on our right.
By now the whole airship was burning - inside and out.
Papa came up.
...and solemnly kissed me on the forehead.
Nathes came running up.

Yelling,
and shouting,
Hedging us in. Shouting:
"MUNGU!"
"MUNGU! MKONO!"
"God."
"In the hand of God."
It was completely dark now.
Except for the light of the flames.

TO HAM & HAM NOT

continued from last issue

We found a tommy.
I shot well over his head, missed twice.

Then we saw a granti.
I shot, missed.

He went away
turned for a minute

I shot at his white behind.
Dropped him with a shot in the back of his neck.

Denis paced it. 240 yards. I was pleased but not proud since it was, could only have been

an accident.

Page 500 - *Journal* (September 17, Thursday - Kimana River and Swamp, near Laitokitok) page 78

"Papa's breakfast sandwiches..."

A distinctly wife-like and, hence, distinctly female observation. I have tried to include them where and when I could find them. Few and far between, folks.

Page 501 - *Journal* page 78:

"About 12, noon 2 Wacamba [sic] *boys..."*

I depicted the two Wakamba "boys" as adolescents in order to take the edge of racism off Mary's use of the term "boys"—that is, by making them *literally* boys—since the juxtaposition of grown men of colour and the term "boys" would be too jarring an anachronism for the average reader to just skip over. They might very well have *been* boys, but I suspect the tracking of carnivorous animals was not something the Wakamba would encourage until a boy had reached the tribal age of majority (whatever age that might be).

Page 503 - *Journal* page 80:

"In those minutes I was not ashamed to have missed - P.P. said my bullet was 6 ft. short - only exhilarated at having seen him. Crazy anyway, for me, the misser, to hunt lion..."

This is the "other occasion" that Mary described on page 444 of *How It Was* (see note for pages 499-500). Note that "*6 ft. short*" has contracted to "*a yard in front of him.*" The accurate self-perception of "*Crazy anyway, for me, the misser, to hunt lion...*" exists only in the *Journal* typescript. By contrast, here is the "wham bam, thank you, ma'am" version of events in the still-born *Our One and Only Life* (page 6):

November 22, 1953 [!!!], *We decided that I should do away with an old boy who, we knew, lived there and had a bad reputation for killing Masai cattle. For ten days of guile, trickery and deceit we tried to lure him from his den in a jumble of lava rock, thick thorn trees and vines before I finally got him on the open plain. Since we tied Wildebeest bait to a tree, the old lion's two females got the habit of going to early breakfast or late dinner there...Since they could not drag the food to their lord in his privacy, he would sooner or later have to come out himself to dine. That is what he did and he now lives on my wall in New York.*

(HoCCChhh, *THOOO!* HoCCChhh, *THOOO!* HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*)

In the *Journal* page 80 entry, note the emotional flip-flopping: *"In those minutes I was not ashamed to have missed."* She doesn't even recognize her individual responsibility as "one of the boys": *"...only exhilarated at having seen him."* Then the *"Crazy anyway, for me, the misser, to hunt lion..."* as if this were some external condition thrust upon her unwilling-Mary-Hemingway-self instead of being a situation (if my theories are correct) for which *she* has been the prime and central *catalyst* (i.e., they are only *in* Africa and *on* safari and writing *his and her* diaries of their Grand Adventure because of the pressure *she* brought to bear on her husband).

The entry continues:

"We sent a boy [sic] *for the cars, came home, my shame steadily mounting (but who likes hysterics?), had late - 3:40 - lunch and I went to bed. Slept heavily."*

In other words, sulking. Which is 180 degrees away from the appropriate masculine reaction to "my shame steadily mounting." If your "shame" is "steadily mounting," then what you are *supposed* to do is make sure that whatever *caused* that shame—in this case, wasting other people's time and energy—*doesn't* happen again, i.e., remove yourself from the safari proper and demote yourself to tag-along status and be Content—*visibly, un-self-pityingly, un-sulkingly* Content. With. That. But no—look at what *she* thinks follows in natural sequence from "my shame steadily mounting":

...(but who likes hysterics?)...

In other words, to Mary, there is a kind of admirable stoicism in the fact that she has chosen to *sulk* instead of *bursting into tears*—neither of which, ladies and "ladies," I can assure you—qualify as "one of the boys" reactions. Far, far, far, far from it. Then—as surely as spring follows winter—she drags the men into her theater of self-pity as co-conspirators:

"Everyone has been so kind and chic, Papa especially..."

Well, what other option did they have? Yes, "Papa especially." Since Mary is obviously determined to be "one of the boys," they can't very well say, "Yes, you're ruining the safari. Why don't you just tag along and watch?" "One of the boys" would be expected to *volunteer* to do that *as soon* as he recognized that he was ruining the safari—and he *would* do that if he had any sense of personal honour whatsoever. Because her reaction is so inescapably *female*, all *the men* can do is react chivalrously and let her *continue* to ruin the safari for as long as she wishes *and* to try to make her *feel better about doing so* even when they know that it is *impossible* to make her feel better about it, because the *only* thing that will make her feel better is to magically become a competent (HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*) huntress and Queen of the Safari. "Papa especially," like any good husband, knows this.

"...and I keep feeling it in front of them."

Presumably shame mixed with a kind of gratitude for their kindness (that is, pity). The kindness/pity outweighs her sense of shame because she continues to ruin the safari. As any chivalrous male can tell you, ladies, a little kindness/pity can be ridden a long way by a woman in these situations.

"Actually, I am afraid to go into a big emotional to-do about it - which might make me shoot worse than ever."

It is this layering of emotion in females—"*afraid* to make a big *emotional* to-do about it"—that insulates them from reason and makes gender interchangeability a myth, i.e., it will make the ladies *angry* that I have pointed out these two layers of being "*afraid* to go into a big *emotional* to-do about it." You can't make progress in explaining the lack of validity in an *emotional* to-do about something, because she is already *afraid* of it. You can't make progress in discussing her being *afraid*, because pointing it out makes her *angry*. You can't make progress in discussing her *anger*, because pursuing it that far *frustrates* and/or *bores* her, and so on and so on.

For the record, whatever role an "emotional to-do" might play in harming the zen-mind necessary to be a good shot, I don't think stoic sulking is a big improvement. Sorry if that *angers* or *bores* or *frustrates* you, "ladies."

"...Papa comes in the tent to give me a hug, and says lovely encouraging things. Someone, P.P. says, had 40 shots in one lion."

Good old Philip Percival. Since there is nothing *reasonable* about sulking, the chivalrous male learns very early to say anything—ANYthing—that will make the sulker feel better, however temporarily and however irrelevant to the situation the observation might be. It has to be a *truthful* observation to satisfy the masculine sense of personal honour, but...

...snap, snap. Mary? He said someone had forty shots *in* one lion. Not *at* one lion.

Journal (September 26, Saturday - Oleibortoto Stream - Uaso Nyiro River - Fig Tree Camp) page 100

Headed home, saw the herd of zebra under a tree. Papa shot once at one which went off unhurt, excited, and 3 times at another who died gracefully. We cut him up and brought him home. Hunting in the high bush in the morning we had gone single file and silently. Now we were silent with the sadness of the killing and the terrible sun pounding on our heads through the hats.

Journal page 101:

I still haven't found a system for keeping up with all my various pursuits: this recording, learning to shoot, identifying trees and birds and moths and dragon-flies and mosquitoes and flies; learning Swahili; learning the geological and sociological history of this country; and learning about the tribes. A 48-hour day, with concomitant energy might suffice.

Journal (October 1st, Thursday - Fig Tree Camp) page 111

I thought briefly of my vanished lion (it seems now that we have been getting up in the dark many, many mornings to look for the non-existent lion)

If I ever have a chance to come back here again I will have a gun that I am friends with, that I have confidence in and have practised with.

Small conclusion: you must be a good shooter and/or have luck. I've been a terrible shot and had bad luck.

I may become a better shooter, if I can teach myself to remember "Don't get excited."

It is, needless to say, a very bad and very un-"one of the boys" habit to get into to consider "good luck" as part of the equation. It *is* part of the equation, a *big* part, but as someone once said (a guy): "I've found that luck is a matter of hard work. The harder I work, the luckier I get." Good luck comes from hard work and produces results. Good luck in *itself* doesn't produce results often enough to warrant consideration *by* itself.

"...if I can teach myself to remember..." Again, the female layering effect to which they are susceptible. You can *teach yourself*, "Don't get excited" or *remember*, "Don't get excited." The two layers of *teach myself* to *remember* remove Mary just that far from the "zen mind state" required.

Pages 504 - 506 - *Journal* (October 3, Saturday - Fig Tree Camp) page 115

"A huge lion poured out of a bush, like nothing less than lightening [sic]…"

The first sighting of the *next* lion which Mary would come to claim as "my lion." It is uncertain if she is aware that these are *different* lions or if she somehow believes that the fact that *she sees them* makes them all one. The whole description is peculiar both here and in *How It Was*, moving from the singular "*A* huge lion" to the plural "We thought *they* had gone into the thick bush, the great lion and his Askari…" It could be attributable to Mary's female tendency to get things out of order when a subject excites her, but, presumably, that would make the initial appearance of *two* lions—one of huge proportions—noteworthy in itself, i.e., "*Two* lions poured out of a bush, *one* of them huge…" or something like that.

I thought there might be some clue in the term "Askari" (especially since it is capitalized in her *Journal*), but there was no such word in my Swahili dictionary—even working it from the English side: "brother"? "companion"? "friend"? Nothing. In its various other usages in her *Journal*—"Dennis and his askari," "I went to visit the askari camp"—it seems that it might be a synonym for "boi," a native African attached to the safari to execute a specific task or specific tasks.

It was while reading S. V. Mir Ahmed Ali's early '60s translation of *The Qu'ran*—with Shiah Muslim commentaries—that the name Hasan Al-*Askari* caught my eye. Hasan Al-Askari was the 11th Imam of the Ahlul-Bait, which Shiah Muslims believe to be the line of succession from the Prophet Muhammad. The Ahlul-Bait consists of Muhammad, his chosen successor Ali-al-Murtaza, Muhammad's daughter (and Ali's wife) Fatema-az-Zahra, and Ali's sons Hasan-al-Mujtaba and Husain Syyedush. The official designations are: The Last Apostle of God (Muhammad), Lady of Light (Fatema), and 1st , 2nd, and 3rd Imams (Ali, Hasan, and Husain).

I know this is too much information for all the devout atheists in the crowd, but for the dozen or so who find it interesting:

The *Sunni* Muslims (by far the majority) believe in the succession through the Caliphs, the first two of whom were the Prophet's loyal companions Abu Bakr and Omar. There were twelve Caliphs before the whole concept just sort of collapsed under its own weight, but not before their followers had exterminated all traces of the Imams—even destroying their tombs in Medina and, to this day, forbidding prayer at those sites.

The *twelfth* Imam, Muhammad al-Mahdi, according to Shiah faith, is still alive in the world and in hiding and will reemerge at the same time as the second coming of Jesus, just before Judgement Day, thus reuniting the blood lines of Abraham, which divided between Ishmael and Isaac umpty-ump millennia ago.

There is, to me, a Strategic Beauty to the twelve Imams and the twelve Caliphs. *One* of them (presumably) fulfills God's promise to Abraham…

Genesis *17: 18. And Abraham said vnto God, O that Ishmael might live before thee.*

17: 20. And as for Ishmael, I haue heard thee: behold I haue blessed him, and will make him fruitfull, and will multiplie him exceedingly: Twelue princes shall he beget, and I will make him a great nation.

…but which one? Good question.

So, according to Shiah Muslim faith, Hasan al-Askari would be the last of the conventionally mortal Imams. Since Kenya is about evenly divided between tribalism and Christianity—with a substantial Muslim minority (Hemingway—the dumb bugger—persistently calls them Mohammedans in *True at First Light*)—I wondered if that wasn't the source of the term "askari," whatever the exact definition of the word might be.

Anyway, I'm not sure if there was or wasn't a second lion or if it was or wasn't just a fantasy that Mary added to the story after the fact (for reasons known or not known even to herself).

That's the reason that I took a "peekaboo," "now you see him, now you don't" approach to the mysterious "askari" on page 506.

Page 507 - *Journal* page 115

"*I called it off.*"

As I've said: I've never done any hunting myself, but even *I* know that if you are tracking an animal which is native to the plains—like a lion—and you've got him moving into unfamiliar terrain—the hill country of the rift valley…well, you've *got* him. All he can do is keep going up, but the thing about "up" is that he eventually runs out of it. At that point the lion is cornered and is, presumably, an easy shot. No wonder the gun-boys were more than a little miffed. Not only has she been wasting everyone's time and energy, but now, NOW, they are setting her up for a nice no-brainer of a kill…and *she* calls it off.

Apparently it was a number of weeks before Philip Percival could bring himself to say anything about it. Reading between the lines, Mary must have said something to him about Charo and N'gui and the others going fast and noisily:

Journal (Thursday, Nov. 19. Dennis's House, Kajiado) page 167

"P.P.'s advice: 'Don't think for yourself. Follow Charo right in his footsteps. If you think he's going too fast, it's because he has a reason. Maybe the animal can't see you and he's using the cover to catch up.'"

Well, of course it isn't "advice" at all. It's *instruction*. The man has been hunting for four decades at this point. Someone who has hunted for four decades does not "advise" an amateur. He *instructs* an amateur. He didn't say, "You might want to consider not thinking for yourself." He says, "Don't think for yourself." Another female trait: they not only insist on being treated as equals when there is no basis in reason for treating them that way (four decades of experience versus the complete amateur), but *also* insist on treating instruction as advice and perceiving the two as interchangeable.

Her next line cracks me up (to the extent that it doesn't sicken me).

"Of course Charo is a wizened old elf marvel."

A whimsical—and *extremely* patronizing—observation. According to Percival's best guess, Charo was seventy years old (at least) at the time of this safari. That is, Charo's experience and aptitudes outweigh even those of Philip Percival. Percival knows it and freely acknowledges it. It would be a good bet that Percival only survived his forty years as a white hunter because he did *not* think for himself in those situations where Charo did something that, on the surface of it, seemed inexplicable. If Charo's going fast, go fast. When Charo stops, stop. Charo didn't get to be a septuagenarian tracker of the world's deadliest animals by making mistakes.

To call such a man a "wizened old elf"…

…well, words do fail me.

To consider the *instruction* "Follow Charo right in his footsteps" as "advice"…

…well, again, words fail me.

Pages 508-509 - *Journal* (October 4, Sunday - Fig Tree Camp) page 116

"I had a dream about our beautiful..."

Mary's second anthropomorphic dream of the safari.

It's not clear who came up with the name Old Imperial for the huge, black-maned lion. Hemingway himself doesn't use the name in *True at First Light* but does make reference to tracking a lion whose track is the size of a pie plate (a soup plate in Mary's *Journal*). Of the few legible handwritten annotations on the pages of Horowitz-A, "Old Imperial" in the margin of page 115 is unmistakable, and that is certainly how he appears in *How It Was*.

For reasons of space considerations (and very much to my regret) after *"But not the abundance of food..."* I had to cut:

He had to work
at it but of
course that kept
him in
excellent
condition.

"An agreeable
thing about
living here—
very few
people."

…and after "*Oh, I just picked it up*":

He explained the
pleasures of
eating in the
dark...

"Like
candlelight
at your
dinner
tables."

...and how
he sometimes
leaps across
that big open
country to the
east of his
lair.

"For
exercise."

For those who share what was (I suspect) Hemingway's neo-paleolithic pagan view that consuming lion flesh could imbue him with hitherto undreamt-of Leonine Attributes and Knowledge, I think Mary's dream neatly encapsulates the full scope of what the King of Beasts has to teach us. Considering the price that was paid for this epicurean foolishness, I have printed the entirety of Old Imperial's wit and wisdom as it appeared in Mary's *Journal*. Now, even if the occasion comes up, you can pass on eating lion and know that you're not missing out on anything.

Another sequence that I regretted having to lose because of space considerations (to me, it would only work as a two-page spread with two horizontal panels). The upper panel would have been:

Journal (October 9, Friday - Fig Tree Camp) page 126

No lion on the zebra bait this morning but as we were edging a[cross a] *big open plain of yellow grass, Nzia saw a cheetah sitting bolt upright, silhouetted against the grass. Papa shot at him - 500 yards -*

The lower panel would have been:

and suddenly the plain came alive with what I thought were horses. They were lions, getting up from all parts of the grass - 3 lionesses, 5 cubs, 2 handsome big lions

Two pages I could, unfortunately, ill afford. And then I would have *had* to have included the follow-up:

They moved toward the trees to the E[ast] edge and we chased the lion momentarily, then left off, they not acting spooked.

Yessir. A good plan. If you start to chase five lions and they don't act "spooked," you should definitely "leave off." Yessir. A damned fine plan, indeed.

Journal (October 11, Sunday) page 129

I'm less sweaty in the hands
now, going for the lion, mornings,
but afterwards I notice how
tight my neck muscles have been.

Journal (October 12, Monday - Fig Tree Camp. Near Uasa Nyeri River) page 129

Going out we found the track
of Old Imperial. Followed
it miles across the road
eastward, the country
getting thicker and
thicker.

Finally came to a place
where there was every
kind of track
...
the Big Old One's
lost among those of
women, other lions
and children.

We
decided
to give
it up.

I couldn't be
certain of killing
effectively in
that tight bush.

Journal page 130

[EH:] *"If you can get the*
secrets of the calls and the
scents, if you could get the
scent of a lioness in heat,
you could get the lion in that
bait and he'd be crazy."

Page 510 - *Journal* (Tuesday, November 3. Patrick's Farm near John's Corner, Tanganyika) page 148

"Papa's definition of..."

Well, obviously, this is the first intimation of *why* Mary Ernestway is telling Cerebus and Jaka about the safari at such excruciating length. Figures she'll just slip the "message" right in there and no one will notice. Her peculiar notion of a helpful contribution to the conversation she has interrupted way back on page 483.

My discovery of this singular and (be nice, now)...*candid* revelation some pages into the only part of *How It Was* that interested me—and its "hand-in-glove" fit with the long-planned "hunting lodge" incident—made me realize just how much ground I would have to cover and how many tangential subjects I would have to touch on in "To Ham & Ham Not." So many that, if all goes well (so far so good, eh?), this might prove to be my last word on gender, just as *The Guide to Self-Publishing* proved to be my last word on self-publishing.

Please ensure that your tray tables are in their full, upright, and locked position.

Journal (Friday, Nov. 6. On a branch of the Ruaha River) page 151

P.P. was telling the story of
the man who took one shot at the elephant
and ran, and what an attractive
wife he had.

Not really anything that I could use in my story, but I jotted it down because I suspect that it documents Percival recounting (in Mary's hearing) the incident which served as the basis for Hemingway's "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Cool, eh?

Journal (Tuesday, Nov. 17. Dennis' house) page 164

Also nothing that I could use, but I thought it made a nice counterpoint to Hemingway and the "beard glossy with bear fat" anecdote that made my gorge rise:

P.P. just now telling how they offered
him bear meat at White Horse, Alaska [sic] *when*
he went there to hunt. He asked the waitress
what it was like and she said, "Take a bite
out of my ass. You'll know."

Journal (Wednesday, Nov. 18. Dennis's house, Kajiado) pages 164-166

Had to laugh at this quick series of excerpts from Nov. 18:

herd of Impala - shot missed - walk 2 miles - give up - Tommy - shot missed - shot again - missed - shot again - missed - more Tommy - shot missed, shot missed, WHONK! - he moved off - shot twice more, missed, missed - lose him - find him being eaten by a cheetah - shoot at cheetah - missed - cheetah stands broadside - 70 yards - empty the Mannlicher (5 shots) - grab scope sight - shoot twice more - "Never so much as nicked him." - Tommy had been hit in the thigh - shot twice at a target with Mann[licher] *- missed - "It is really miraculous"*

The actual description is a little more elaborate than that, but I had to laugh at the way my little jotted notes read. I should have just lettered them all "once around" one of the pages or something.

It was the next day that Philip Percival had his little chat with her (see 2nd note for Page 507).

Page 510 - *Journal* (Sunday, Nov. 22. Kimana Swamp) page 172

"The gun-boys, despairing of my shooting..."

Is it uncharitable to point out that this is the day, according to *Our One and Only Life*, that "we decided that I should do away with an old boy..." etc., etc.?

Yes.

Yes, it is.

Uncharitable and distinctly unchivalrous.

But this was the day.

November 22nd.

Nineteen *fifty*-three.